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Sieur de Monts National Monument

The White Mountain National Forest

MCMXVII

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THE WILD GARDENS OF ACADIA

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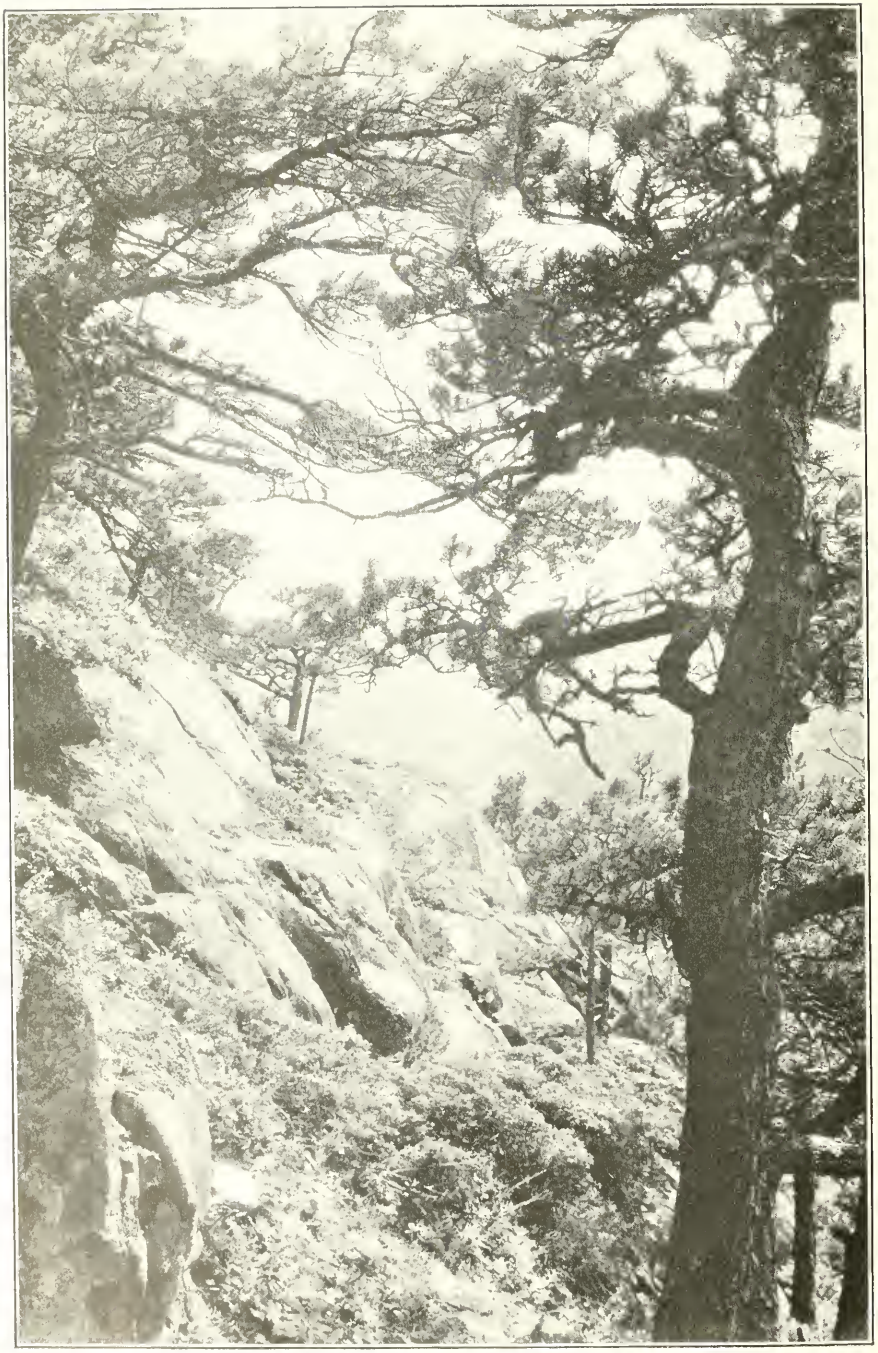
SIEUR DE MONTS PUBLICATIONS

XVII

The Sieur de Monts National Monument and its Historical Associations

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
STEPHEN T. MATHER, DIRECTOR



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SIEUR DE MONTS NATIONAL MONUMENT

GEORGE BUCKNAM DORR.
CUSTODIAN.

The time is fast coming when National Parks and Forest Reservations, places of beauty and refreshment within occasional reach by all, will be recognized as fundamental needs, needs of the people, in our national life. The West, aided by the Government's great ownership of lands, has led the way in this and shown its foresight. In the East, where gifts of land or purchases by the Government were necessary, the need has been longer in obtaining recognition, the first step toward meeting it by the establishment of a purely recreative area under the National Park Service being taken by the Secretary of the Interior last July, in recommending to the President the acceptance of the Sieur de Monts National Monument.

This area, not a purchase by the Government but a gift from citizens, includes the mountainous and finest landscape portion of Mount Desert Island on the coast of Maine, whose crowning glory in a resort and scenic sense that island is and has been for the last half century.

Technically termed a Monument because created by the President and Secretary of the Interior under the authority given them by the so-called Monuments Act of 1906 and because of its historic interest, it is by nature, beauty, and resort importance a true National Park in every popular sense and destined when developed to become one of the most widely visited and recreationally useful park areas on the continent.

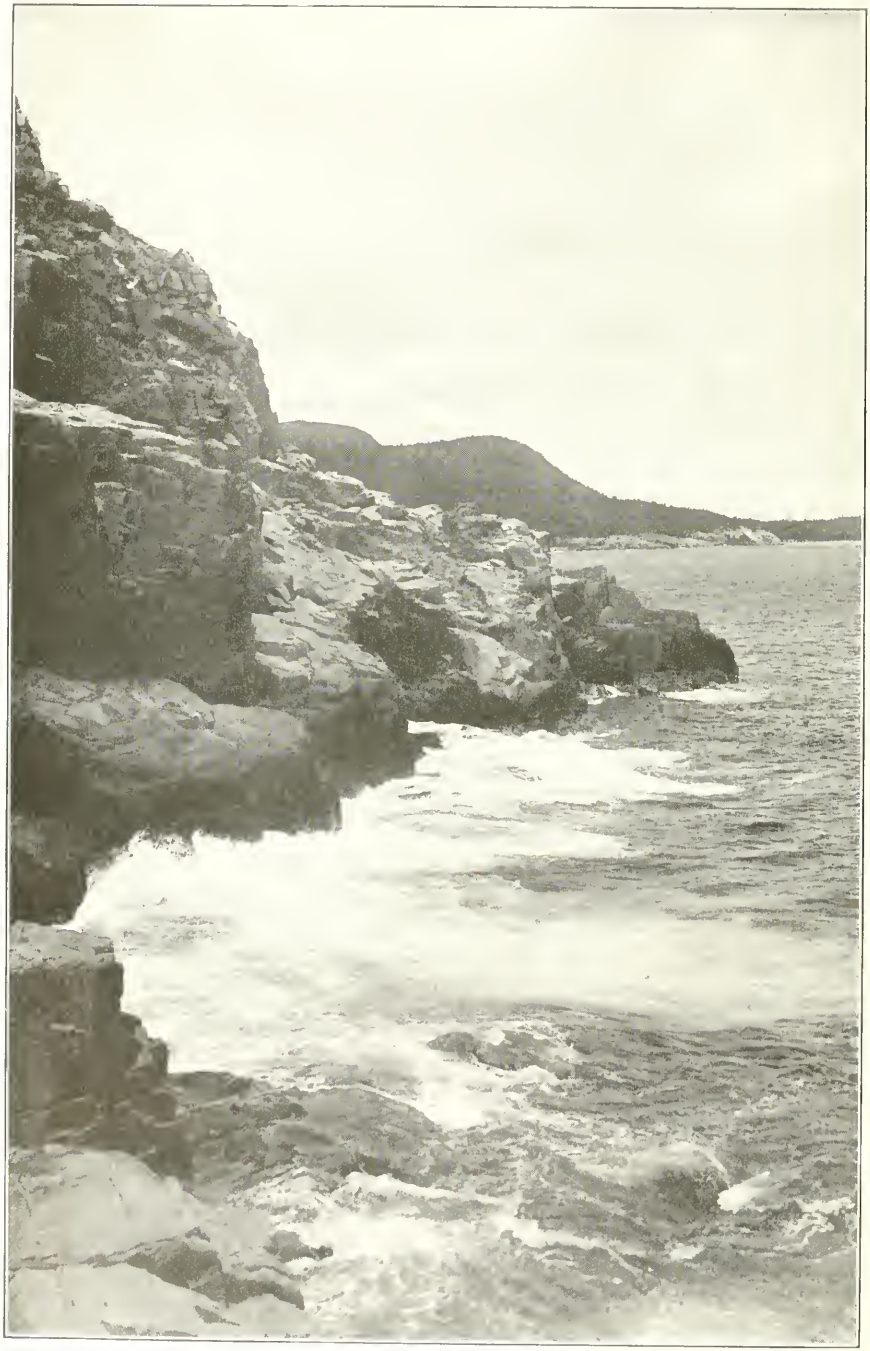
It cannot long stand alone in the East; the human need for such areas of refreshment within reach of our great eastern cities and those of the fast-crowding lake and Mississippi regions is too serious for that. But it will in all likelihood remain unique forever as the one national park — using the

FRENCHMANS BAY AND THE GOULDSBOROUGH HILLS — FROM THE SUMMIT OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN

word in its true, popular sense — bordering on the sea; and it must remain always supreme in landscape interest and refreshing quality upon our eastern coast. Beautiful as it is in other ways, this is its unique possession, that it is the only tract of national park land in the country offering to its visitors the refreshment, the ever-varying interest and beauty and the limitless expanses of the ocean — in contrast to the magnificent domains of mountain lands, western or eastern, that its companion parks may offer.

Because of this and the great human value of the tract as a recreational area, guarded in beauty and made free to all, it is felt that its name should be made indicative of its character and tell more plainly what it offers. To this end a bill, approved by the National Park Service, is being introduced in Congress by Senator Hale of Portland, Maine, familiar from boyhood with the beauty and resort importance of the region, asking that the name be changed from the Sieur de Monts National Monument to the Sieur de Monts National Park. A similar change is already planned in a conspicuous instance in the West, that of the Grand Canyon, a true park area in every popular sense, but technically termed till now a National Monument since created, like the Sieur de Monts, by act of the Administration.

Physically, the Sieur de Monts National Monument is a bold range of seaward-facing granite hills, extraordinarily mountainous in character and wonderful in the variety, the interest and beauty of the climbs they offer. One only, but the highest, rising from the border of the ocean over fifteen hundred feet, offers opportunity for road construction. When, sooner or later, such a road — one by no means difficult to build — shall be constructed, restoring along a better route the old buckboard road which formerly led up to a hotel upon the summit, it will become at once, with modern motor travel, one of the great scenic features of the continent. As one ascends, superb views of land diversified by lakes and bays and stretching far away to distant hills, disclose themselves successively, and when one reaches the summit, the mag-



SURF AT OTTER CLIFFS

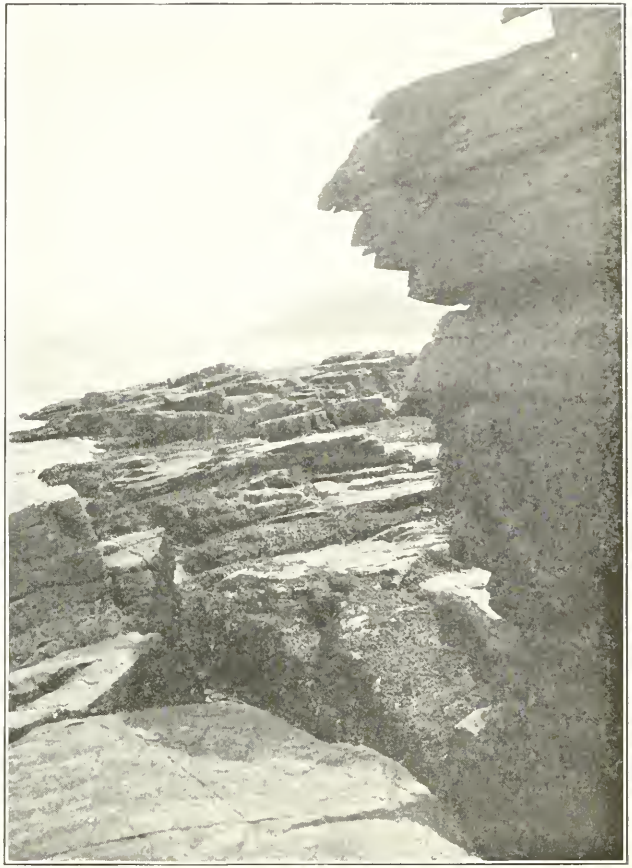
nificent ocean view that opens suddenly before one is a sight few places in the world can parallel. The vastness of the ocean seen from such a height, its beauty both in calm and storm, and its appeal to the imagination yield nothing even to the boldest mountain landscape, while the presence of that cool northern sea, surging back and forth and deeply penetrating the land with its great tidal flood, gives the air a stimulating and refreshing quality comparable only to that found elsewhere upon alpine heights. And as on alpine heights the herbaceous plants that shelter their life beneath the ground in winter bloom with a brilliancy and flourish with a vigor rarely found elsewhere, so here the ocean presence and long northern days of summer sun combine with the keen air to make the gardens of the Island famous and the national parklands singularly fitted to serve as a magnificent wild garden and plant sanctuary, at once preserving and exhibiting the native plants and wild flowers of the Acadian region which the Monument so strikingly represents.

This native quality of the place is noted, curiously, in Governor Winthrop's Journal, when he came sailing by one early summer day in 1630 on his way to Salem, bringing its Charter to the Massachusetts Colony whose Governor he was to be, and found "fair sunshine weather and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us; and there came a smell from off the shore like the smell of a garden."

As a bird sanctuary, too, these parklands, placed as they are directly on the great natural migration route of the Atlantic shore and widely various in favorable character, need proper guardianship only to become a singularly useful instrument in bird life conservation, while adding not a little through the presence of the birds to their own interest and charm.

Geologically, the Monument, with its adjacent coastal rocks and headlands, forms a wonderful exhibit. Essentially, it is a bold and rugged group of granite peaks, immensely old though far less ancient than the primeval sea-laid rocks — hard, bent and twisted sands and clays — up through which

ANCIENT SEA CLIFF ON THE CADILLAC PATH



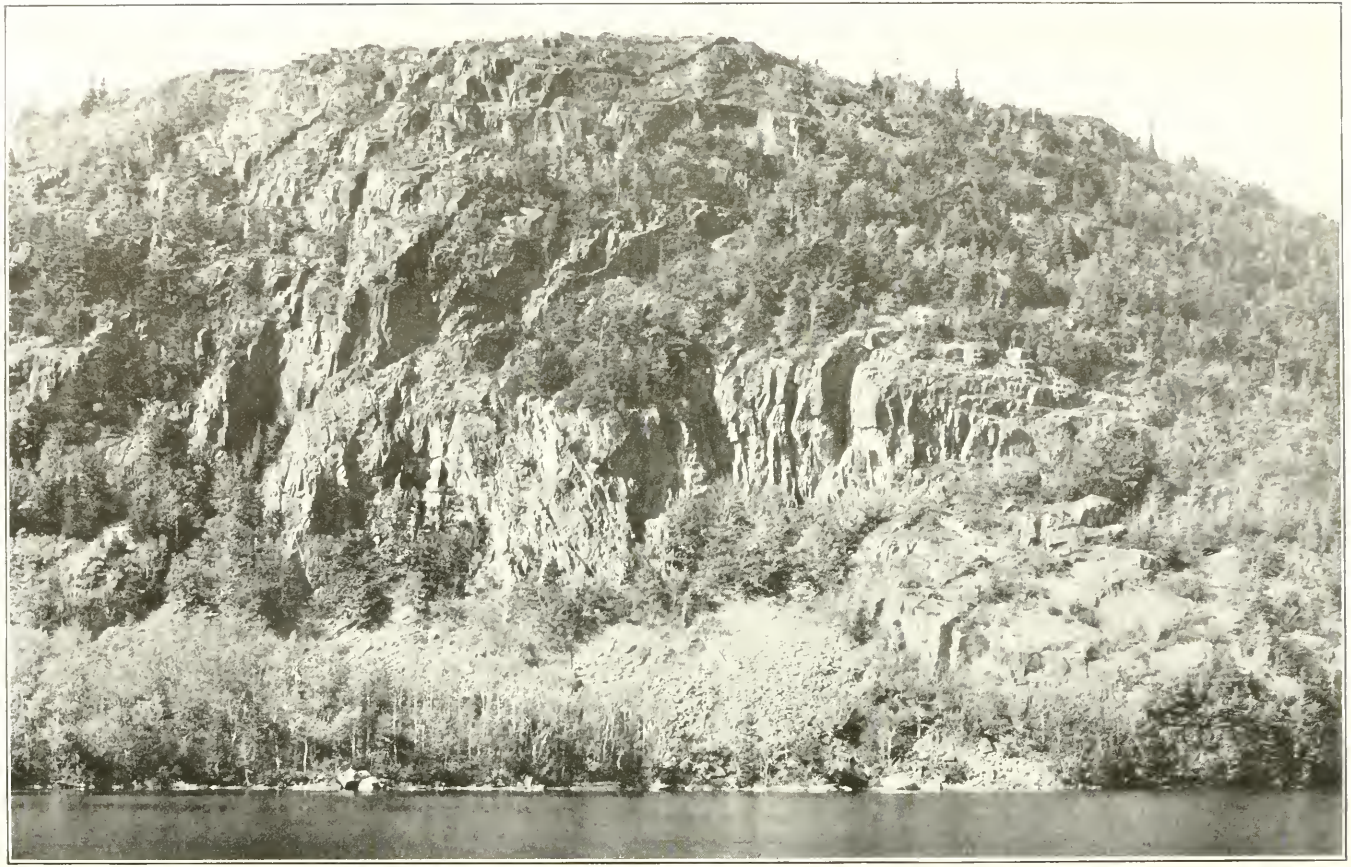
NEW SEA CLIFF BEING FORMED BELOW THE OLD ONE

they are thrust. These peaks, geologists say, united into a single mass, once bore an alpine height upon their shoulders which looked across wide valley lands toward a distant sea. Time beyond count laid bare the mountain base, which the slow southward grinding of the ice-sheet later trenched into a dozen deeply isolated peaks. Between them, hollows, deeper than the present level of the sea in places, now contain a number of beautiful fresh-water lakes and one magnificent fjord which nearly cuts the island into two. Finally, owing to a general subsidence along the coast, the sea swept inland, flooding round the ice-eroded remnant of the ancient mountain to form the largest rock-built island on the Atlantic shore from the St. Lawrence southward, and its highest elevation.

In places on the island's southern shore, the granite comes down to the ocean front, forming the boldest headlands and thrusting out to meet the sea's attack the grandest storm-swept rocks upon our coast; in other places, the enclosing sedimentary rocks, hardened by the enormous heat and pressure caused by the granitic upburst, oppose the ocean with dark, furrowed cliffs of different character but equally magnificent, in shine or storm.

The whole Acadian region of eastern Maine, which the Sieur de Monts National Monument represents with rare completeness in a single tract of concentrated interest, is rich in delightful features, in forests, lakes and streams, and the wild life of every kind — plant, animal and fish — that haunts them. Its value as a vast recreative area for the whole nation to the eastward of the Rockies is even yet but little realized, although from the first opening of the fishing season in the spring to the close of hunting in the fall an immense tide of recreative travel streams continually through it.

The new National Monument, and future Park as it will doubtless be, lies — with all the added beauty of the ocean and interest of historic association — close beside the main entrance to this region, where the Penobscot mingles its fresh water with the sea. From the Monument, delightful trips by train, by boat, by motor, may be made on every side — up



BEECH CLIFF, FROM ECHO LAKE

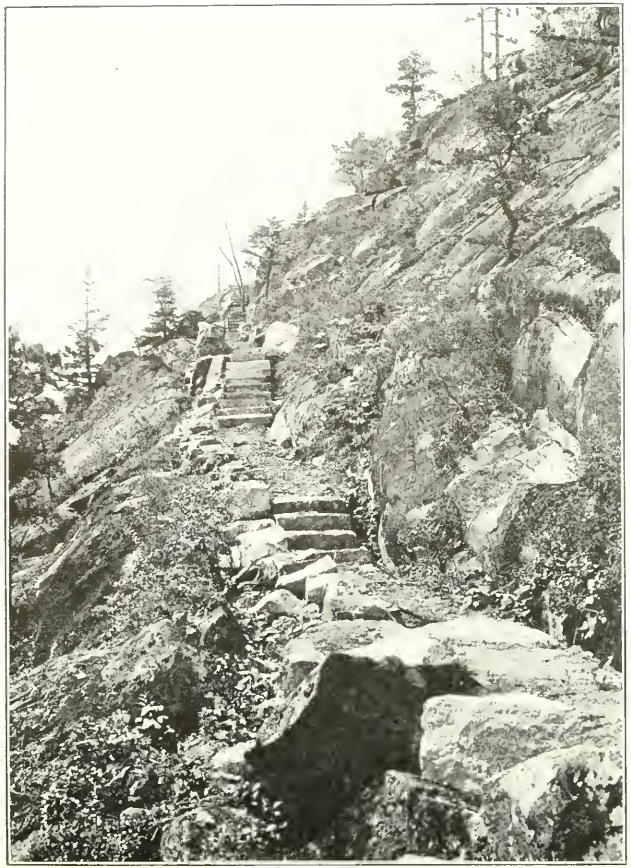
and down the coast; to New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia; or to the magnificent lake and forest regions of the interior. And to it, one may come, as to no other national park area on the continent, by boat as well as train or motor.

The chapter of world history which the Sieur de Monts National Monument commemorates, that of the first founding of Acadia, in 1604 — half a generation before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Massachusetts shore, and of the long French occupation of the Acadian region, extending from the Kennebec to Cape Breton, which followed it, is full of human interest as told in the pages of Champlain and Lescarbot in quaint old French, and by numerous later writers.

De Monts, a Huguenot of noble family in southwestern France, came out commissioned by Henry IV — Henry of Navarre — to occupy for France, and colonize, "the lands and territory called Acadia," extending, as it was then defined, from the 40th to the 46th degrees of latitude—those approximately of Philadelphia and Montreal to-day; to establish friendly trade relations with its natives; to explore its coasts and rivers; to govern it, and represent in it and on its seas the person of the King; and to bring its people, "barbarous, and without faith in God," into knowledge and practice of the Christian religion.

It was a great adventure, largely conceived and bravely carried out. De Monts planted the fleur-de-lis on the American shore, and for more than a century and a half it stayed there. That it is not floating there to-day is due to forces greater than national, to the growth of the democratic spirit and democratic principles of government in the English colonies, which gave them an inherent power that mounted like a rising tide till it possessed and overflowed their continent, and is to-day profoundly influencing the world.

De Monts himself, to say a word of him, was sprung from one of the most ancient families in France, distinguished in arms and military employments from the time of the First Crusade, when four brothers out of six journeyed "beyond the Sea"



SUMMIT PATH ON DRY MOUNTAIN

ENTRANCE TO KURT DIEDERICH'S CLIMB

and two remained there — killed in the storming of Jerusalem. True to the family traditions, his father, Jean de Monts, baron of Cabrairolles in Languedoc, near Béziers, served in the army "from his earliest youth," was successively Ensign or standard-bearer, Lieutenant, Captain of Arquebusiers, and finally "Mestre de Camp" in 1586, with five hundred standard-bearers under him.

A Huguenot, he fought under Coligny in the defeat of Moncontour, then under Henry IV in the victories of Coutras and Ivry. He took part afterward in the capture of St. Denis and was wounded — for the second time severely — at the siege of Éperney, in 1592, dying two years later of his wounds. He was a typical soldier of his time and station, one of those of whom Sismondi wrote: "The King (Henry IV) counted in his cavalry five thousand men of birth(gentilshommes) whose courage was sustained by a personal sense of honor, and who were superior to all other cavalry."

He married, on the 20th day of May, 1572, Delphine de Latenay, daughter of the noble Antoine, "ancien Capitaine," and of Marguerite de la Mairie. His oldest son, Jean, succeeded him as baron of Cabrairolles. Pierre, his second son, who came out to America, was seigneur of Guast and governor of Pons, one of the Huguenot places of security established by Henry IV, who, Champlain tells us, had "great confidence in him for his fidelity and the good services he had rendered him in the (recent) wars." And governor of Pons he still remains, apparently, when we catch our last glimpse of him in Champlain's pages, after Henry's death, though the tide had then set strongly against the Huguenots, and Pons was presently to be dismantled of its protecting walls by Henry's son, Louis XIII.

Pons itself, its relation to the Huguenots and de Monts apart, is an interesting old city of the feudal times whose powerful lords, the Sires de Pons, were sovereign princes in their region, descended from the dukes of Aquitaine. They made war, signed treaties, and received the King of France as "cousin," claiming the sword he wore that day whenever they paid hom-

BIRCH WOODS AND FERNS UPON A GRANITE UPLAND

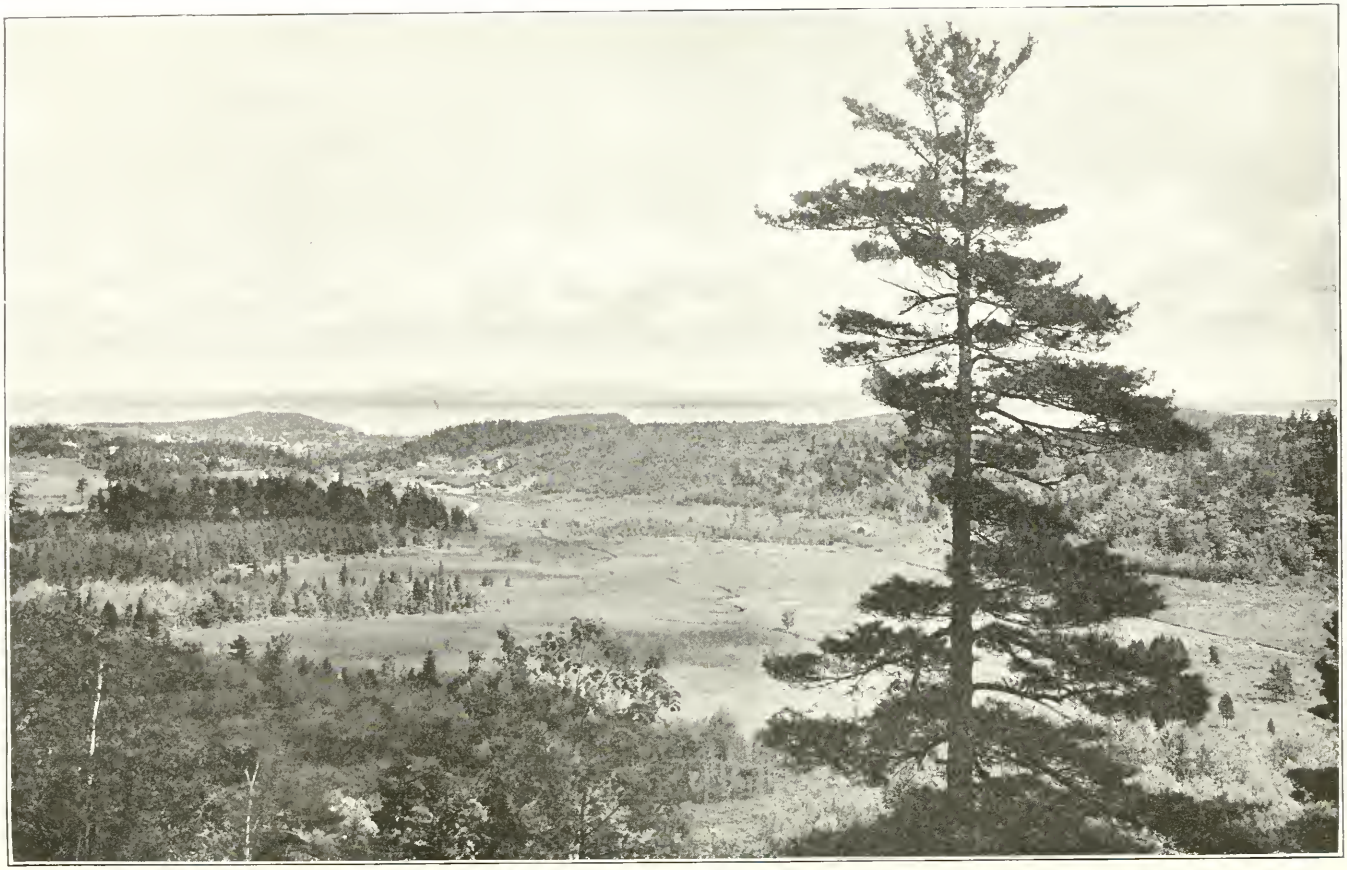
age to him, which they did in full armor with their vizors down. Their castle was stormed by Richard Coeur de Lion in 1179, and was surged around successively by French and English in the wars of Aquitaine.

To-day the place is an attractive city still, with picturesque ruins of the old chateau and later buildings of the 15th and 16th centuries, now used as a Hotel de Ville, which were de Monts' official residence no doubt when not across the sea.

Delightful gardens, overgrown with roses, occupy in part the ancient castle site, with a stern old 12th century "keep" beside them, while the castle chapel, of a later date, opens through a noble romanesque portal onto a lower garden. A clear river flows beneath, from whose vanished bridge of Roman empire date, the early city drew its name: Pons or "Bridge." It is an ancient land throughout, of ruins and rich pasturages and productive vineyards, to whose western boundary come the breezes, the salt air and breaking surf of the Atlantic, and from whose shore the waves stretch off unbrokenly toward America and the Acadian coasts.

De Monts brought out to America with him, as lieutenant and cartographer, Samuel Champlain – his chronicler and fast friend thereafter — who, older than he by half a dozen years, was born in the little salt-gathering and exporting town of Brouage on the Bay of Biscay shore, not far from Pons and in a district subject to its lords. Near by was the mouth of the Charente—declared by Henry IV to be "the finest stream in the Kingdom"—with the ancient city of Saintes not far above, the capital of the Gallic Santones whose name it has brought down to us from Caesar's time.

Of Brouage, an antiquarian neighbor of it wrote three quarters of a century ago: "On a plain that the waves covered twice a day, and along the border of a canal which brought into its midst the highway of the ocean, salt evaporated from the sea was gathered and the vessels which came to carry it away left behind upon the bank the stones and gravel brought for ballast. Little by little a mound, not over 80 paces long,



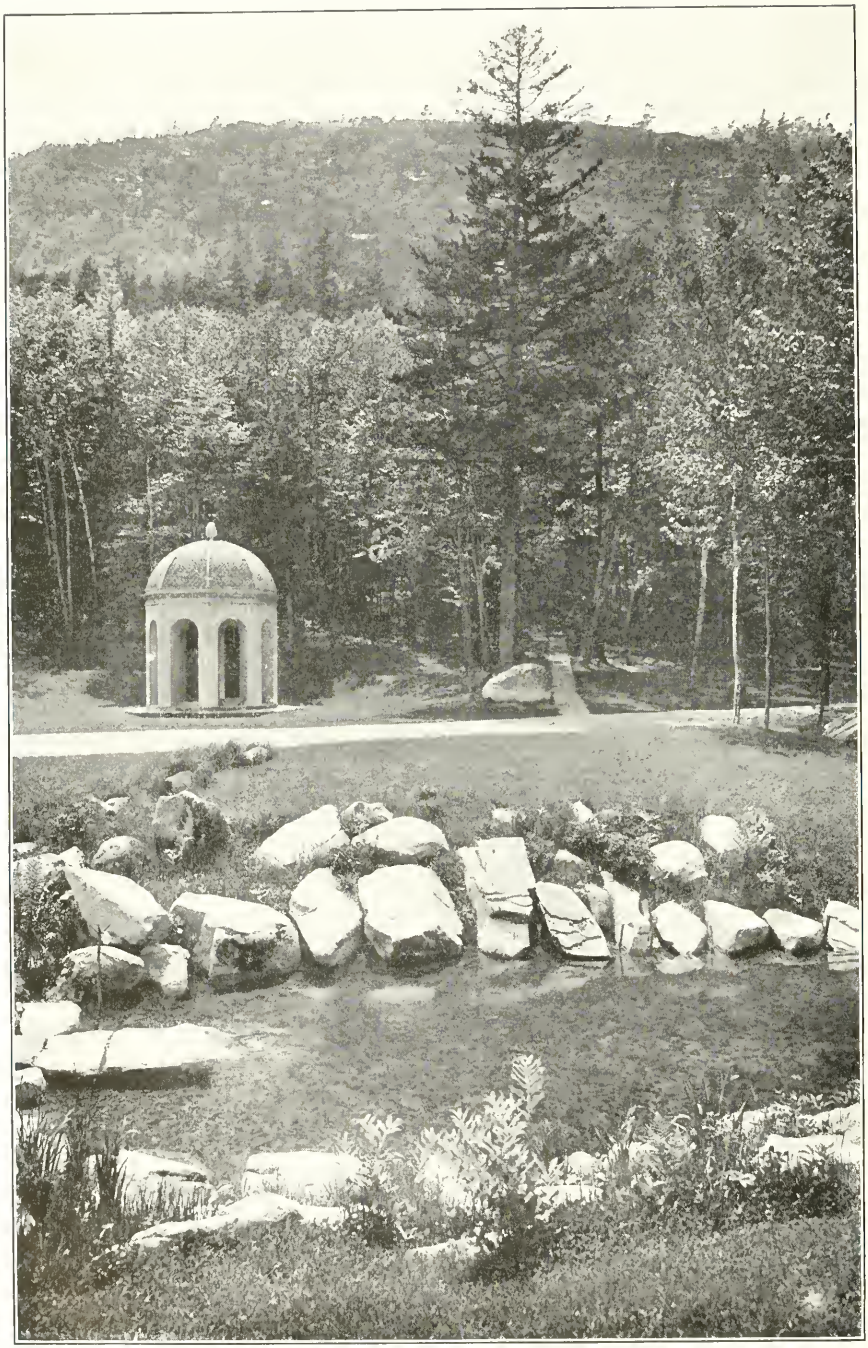
THE SPRING HEATH — FROM THE EMERY PATH

rose above the level of the marshland and on it there settled a colony of salters, fishermen and sailors. This was the origin of Brouage, later made by Richelieu one of the naval strongholds of the west and then depopulated by deadly exhalations from the marshes till now grass grows in the courts of its abandoned houses and trees rise among their ruins, spreading over them branches twisted by the ocean gales."

In 1568 — the year after Champlain was born — Brouage was seized and held for the Sire de Pons, who took the side of the Catholic party in the Civil War, although Saintonge itself was strongly Huguenot. Two years later—when Champlain was three years old — it was besieged and taken by the Huguenots, who held it then for half a dozen years, when it was again besieged by the Catholics, under the duke of Mayenne, and taken after months of resolute defence — the Huguenots, exhausted by privation, capitulating but marching out with arms and baggage, with drums beating and flags flying.

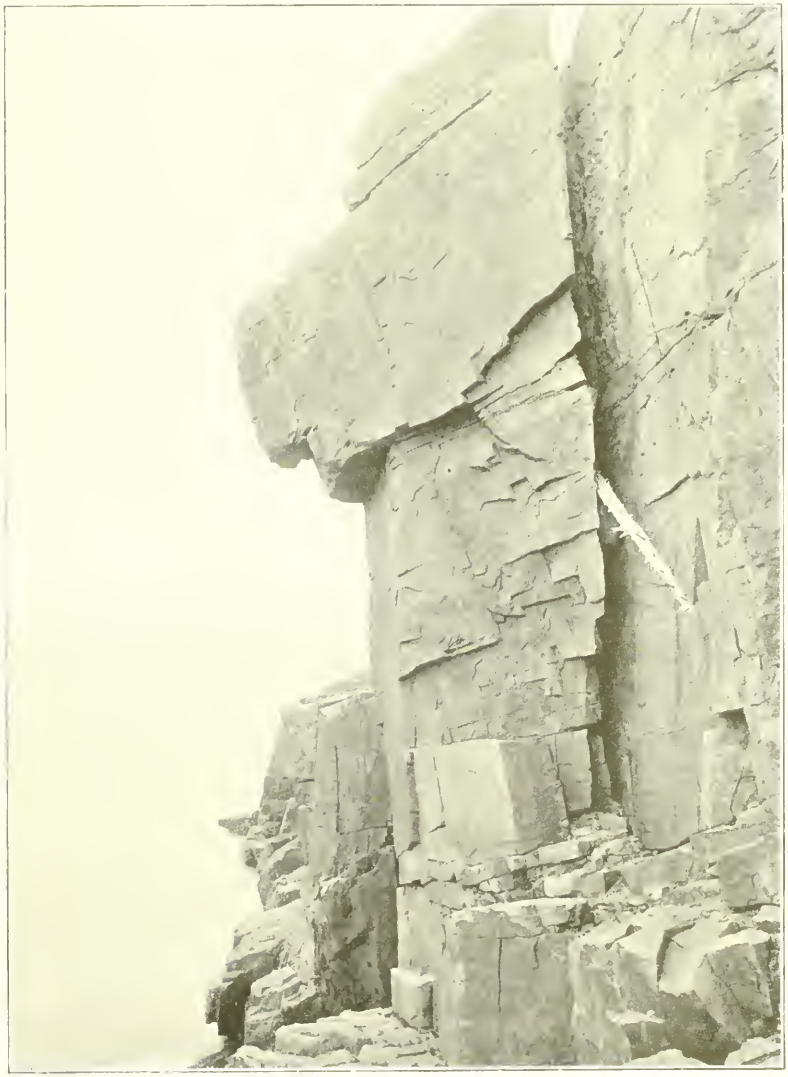
Such were the times and scenes amongst which Champlain grew up, and such, with the sea, the influences which took part in shaping him, but the influence of the sea was strongest; of that he writes, in the dedication of his book to the Queen-mother in 1613; "Among all most excellent and useful arts, that of navigating has always seemed to me to hold first place. For so much the more that it is hazardous, and accompanied by a thousand wrecks and perils, so much the more is it esteemed beyond others, being in no way suited to those who lack courage or self-confidence. This art it is that from my earliest youth has drawn me to itself, and led me to expose myself during nearly my whole life to the impetuous waves of the ocean."

Sailing from de Monts' first colony at the mouth of the St. Croix — our present national boundary — to explore the westward coast, Champlain made his first landing within this country's limits on Mount Desert Island, close to Bar Harbor probably, on its seaward side—wherever he first found safe beaching or good mooring for his damaged boat, stove on a hidden rock, he says, on entering Frenchman's Bay.



SIEUR DE MONTS SPRING, THE ENTRANCE TO THE EMERY PATH, AND THE SWEET WATERS OF ACADIA—A MEMORIAL TO FRANCE

Champlain describes the mountains of the Monument as he saw them then, with deep, dividing gorges and bare rocky summits, and named the island from them, giving it, in a French form, the name which it still bears, the "Isle des Monts deserts."



ORIENTAL POPPY

FLORENTINE IRIS

The Desert and the Wilderness shall rejoyce, and the waste ground be glad and flourish as the rose.

—*Isaiah xxxv: 1.*

1583 Edition.

GARDEN APPROACHES TO THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

Mount Desert Island is remarkable for the vigor with which the hardy herbaceous plants that make the beauty and delight of northern gardens grow in favorable locations on it, and for their brilliant bloom. There, too, bloom follows bloom unbrokenly from spring to fall, keeping fresh the sense with constant change.

To establish in connection with the national park—using the word, as elsewhere in this paper, in its popular sense—a splendid permanent exhibit of these hardy plants, gathered for their beauty's sake from the whole temperate world, has been from the first, like the wild gardens and the wild life sanctuaries intended in the park itself, an essential feature of the plan from which the park resulted.

Nothing could be devised that would be more useful in furthering the development of a true art of gardening and landscape gardening in this country than such an opportunity to observe and study at their best the hardy plant materials which it must use. And nowhere else upon the Continent could a wider or more representative public be found to appreciate and profit by it than comes each summer to the Island—a public that will come henceforth in constantly increasing numbers as the park, with its great waiting gifts of interest and beauty, is developed in accordance with the broadly formulated plans of the Secretary of the Interior and National Park Service.

With this in view, an opportunity for such a hardy plant exhibit in the form of garden walks extending from the park, which occupies the Island's mountain range, towards Bar Harbor, its most general and famous point of entrance, has been secured, and plans for it are being now worked out.

BEAVERDAM POOL A BIRD AND PLANT SANCTUARY ON THE WILD GARDENS PATH

Two of the boldest mountain groups upon the Island bring the park within easy walking distance from the town. The eastern of these is that of Newport and Picket Mountains; the western, that of Dry Mountain and the Kebos. Against them both, facing abruptly to the north and east, the thrust of the arrested Ice Sheet in the Glacial period, as its huge mass moved slowly seaward past them, must have been tremendous.

Evidence of it is not only visible in their rugged cliffs and precipices but in two deep basins ground out from the ancient Cambrian rock adjoining them.

One of these, Beaverdam Pool, lies at the foot of Newport mountain; the other, the Spring Heath — once a considerable lake but now completely filled with glacial clays and gravel peat and granite sands — reaches broadly out towards Bar Harbor from the eastern foot of Dry Mountain, forming a splendid exhibit of one of the most characteristic features of the north.

Portions of primeval forest, with massive trunks of ancient yellow birch and hemlock, border still these basins on their side towards the mountain; both make superb approaches to the Monument; and both are rich naturally in soil and water, in bird life and in plant life.

The one under Newport Mountain, with its brook valley reaching to the public road, has been already deeded to The Wild Gardens of Acadia for a plant and bird sanctuary; the one beneath Dry Mountain, acquired by the Sieur de Monts Spring Company for protection of its waters and for its scenic beauty, has been placed beneath the same control, and offered freely to the Government to use as though its own in its approaches and as a water source.

The Heath basin especially is remarkable for a succession of deep-seated springs that rise apparently from a line of fracture between the granite and the more ancient sea-laid rock it shattered as it rose. Singularly pure, unvarying in temperature or volume, and brought down probably from far away by seaward tilting of an ancient coastal plain they make, with their free gift of water to the passer-by, a unique, delightful fea-

COMPASS HARBOR POND. AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WILD GARDENS PATH TO NEWPORT MOUNTAIN

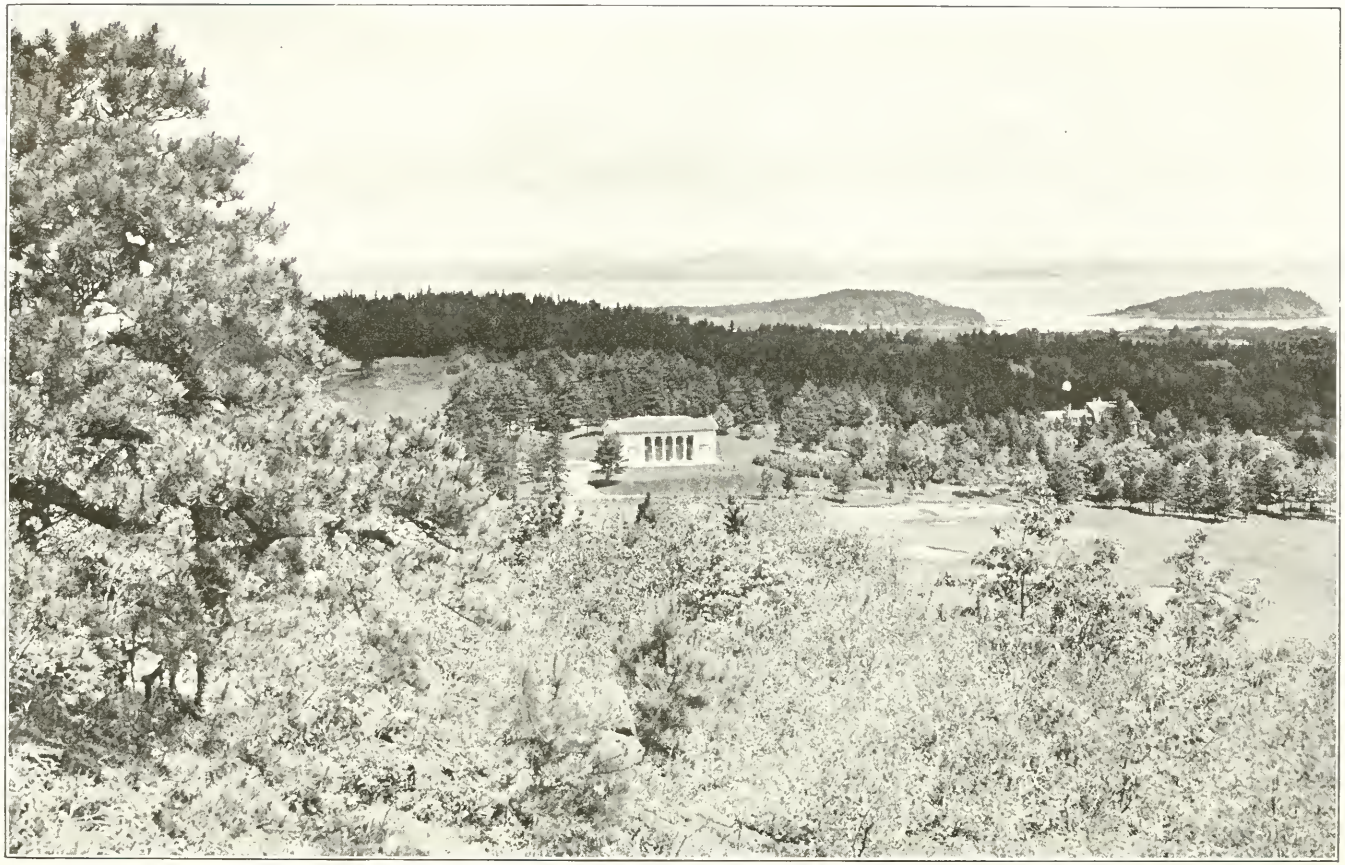
ture in connection with the climbs that start or end along this base.

These basins, of the Spring and Pool, with their interesting native life, their wild flowers, trees and ferns and the wild background of the mountains, are natural wild garden areas, and so should stay. But leading to them three hardy garden walks are planned, approaches to the Monument. The one upon the bay, or eastward, side enters from the Old Post Road at Compass Harbor Pond, in the midst of Iris and other hardy gardens, and follows up Compass Harbor Brook through the ravine which it has cut from deep deposits of the Glacial period until the latter loses itself in the upland which divides this watershed from that of the Wild Gardens' basin under Newport Mountain.

This land, from Compass Harbor Pond till the divide is reached, has formed part till now, when given for the path, of the Mount Desert Nurseries' hardy gardens, and the beauty of the flowers which they have grown upon it, familiar to all who have visited the Island during the last twenty years, is a good earnest for the future, establishing, as do the many private gardens on the Island now, the remarkable possibilities of the soil and climate for such an exhibition.

Much work has been already done upon this path, which is the result of a long studied plan. The pond from which it starts is itself a natural water garden, around whose edge the native flags and cardinal flowers and superbum lilies mingle delightfully with English meadow-sweets, purple loosestrife and Siberian irises, while in its water the fragrant native pond lilies grow along with hardy species from abroad. Above, in the ravine, picturesquely wooded, moist and shady, ferns and all kinds of shelter-loving plants grow wonderfully, while over the upland which succeeds it an apple-shaded walk, a dozen feet in width between alternately-placed trees, leads on to a grove of native thorns which marks the entrance into the Wild Gardens' tract beneath the mountain.

Here, along this upland portion of the walk — sheltered from the wind by shrubbery plantations — the beautiful old



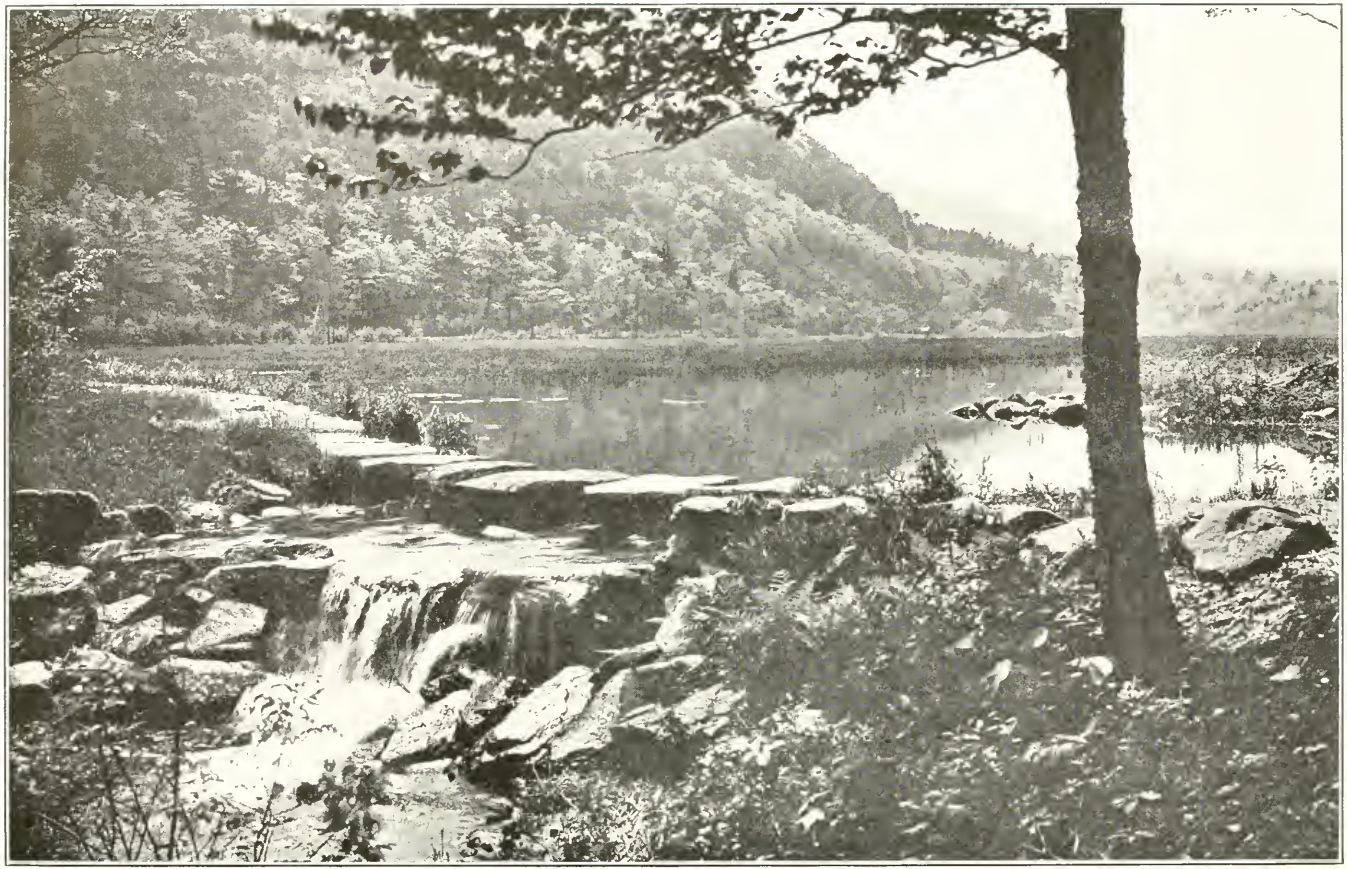
THE BUILDING OF ARTS, THE GOLF LINKS, BAR ISLAND AND THE UPPER BAY, FROM KEBO MOUNTAIN

hardy plants of English and Colonial gardens — monkshoods, peonies and irises, larkspurs, phloxes, lilies, starworts, globe flowers, and a host of others — with their new companions can be grown in the deep soil with little care. Many of them, like the day lilies and the Solomon's seal, the lily of the valley and the peach-leaved bell-flower, become completely naturalized and often hold their own successfully against invading native plants.

A mile to the west of this, another path — named in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup of New York, to whom Bar Harbor owes its beautiful Public Library and New York City its magnificent Natural History Museum's great endowment — leads from the neighborhood of the Building of Arts, placed directly facing the nearer mountains of the Monument in one of the most beautiful situations in the world, down past the golf links with a fifty-foot strip reserved along its side for hardy garden planting; then drops to the level of the sheltered heath, which it crosses presently — shaded by maple woods — and passes on, skirting the Delano Wild Gardens and the mountain base, to meet the Kane Path and the entrance to Kurt Diederich's Climb at the outlet of the Tarn. This path, until the heath is reached, lies over cultivated farmland of an earlier time, with a deep soil and south exposure, and there is no better spot upon the Island for planting of the kind intended, nor a course more interesting.

Between these other two a third approach — the Cadillac — is planned, starting from the Bar Harbor Athletic Field and Park, where the Government office is, and following up the brook that comes down to it from the mountains and the Spring. Along this also remarkable opportunities exist for arboretum and experimental planting, while the wild fern and woodland gardens, succeeding to the open heath, which it will enter as it nears the Spring, show under singularly favorable conditions the range and beauty of the native flora.

The plan for these approaches has been adopted only after long consideration and study of the plants intended to be shown, as well as of the landscape opportunity and soil con-



SIEUR DE MONTS TARN AND THE STEPPING STONES ACROSS ITS BROOK — FROM THE JESUP PATH

ditions. It has received the warm approval, not only of the Secretary of the Interior and National Park Service but, of architects and gardeners and botanists of international authority and reputation.

Among them all, none has said a better word of hopefulness and encouragement regarding it than the writer of the letter—written in the earlier stages of the undertaking—with which this paper closes, Mr. C. Grant LaFarge of New York, a director of the American Institute of Architects, trustee and secretary of the American Academy at Rome, an architect of wide experience who has made a lifelong study also of our native flora and these garden plants.

GEORGE B. DORR.

Dear George:—

The papers which you have asked me to examine, setting forth the project for developing a wild-life sanctuary and tree and plant exhibit and experiment station on Mount Desert Island, seem to me to describe a plan of comprehensive and striking interest. You ask me to tell you what I think of it. It appeals to me on so many sides that I can hardly deal with them all. As one long concerned with the question of preserving our native fauna in the only effective ways, such as game refuges and laws protecting migratory species, there is much I should like to say on this phase of the scheme as well as on its splendid aspect as a permanent great natural pleasure ground for many people. But these I must pass by to emphasize a specific point which strikes me forcibly, in view of my professional convictions.

Our community is aware but dimly, and in spots, of the tremendous strides being made in the art of architecture in America. Only those who, with open minds and trained eyes, contrast the body of our performance with its current equivalent in the Old World can appreciate it, and realize that it is cause, not for boasting but, for ardent hope and constantly greater effort. Many forces are at work, among them none stronger than the rapid and sure elevation and increase of our educational methods.

Along with our architectural advance must go that of the sister art of landscape design. There is no need for me to point out to you the intimacy of the alliance or the urgent necessity that equipment for the practice of the latter be, both theoretically and practically, of the fullest.

No constructive art can achieve its full development while those who practice it think in terms of its expression upon paper, and not in terms of the materials they have to use. There is only one way to gain the power to use these materials; that is, to have a close and comprehensive personal acquaintance with them. The more we

survey the great triumphs of landscape art in the Old World, the clearer it becomes to us that those who designed and built and planted them worked with knowledge and in sympathetic understanding of the natural surroundings and resources, the native flora of the region and the trees and plants that could be grown in it successfully; that they were the very antithesis of paper performers, inspired by hazy views derived from the perusal of seductive catalogues.

I have an invincible belief in our need for the completest study of past examples. I shall not rest until we have added a Fellowship in Landscape Design to our American Academy in Rome. But I also am sure that the men who are to do great work in this country — and our vision hardly tells us yet how marvellous it may be — must know, to their fingertips, what this country offers of trees and shrubs and flowers and all growing things, and what may be done with them. When they know this, and use their knowledge, we shall have American gardens. To acquire this knowledge under present conditions is well-nigh impossible. The country is too vast; its flora too scattered. Even the most superb examples of wild growth are but stimulating suggestions, not made available by opportunity for close study and by certainty of what transplanting, cultivation, care and breeding will accomplish.

Your plan offers all this. If you succeed with it, I see all those who would equip themselves with what their art demands of them flocking to it from all quarters of the country. It would be a godsend, not only to those who live in approximately similar regions—there is none just like it—but to those others whose lives are cast in far less interesting places, of dull topography and limited flora. I can think of no one thing that could be done in America, more greatly to contribute to and to advance the art and the practice of American landscape design. Good luck to you.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) C. Grant LaFarge

January 22, 1914.

The White Mountain National Forest

Crawford Notch in 1797

PUBLISHED BY
THE WILD GARDENS OF ACADIA

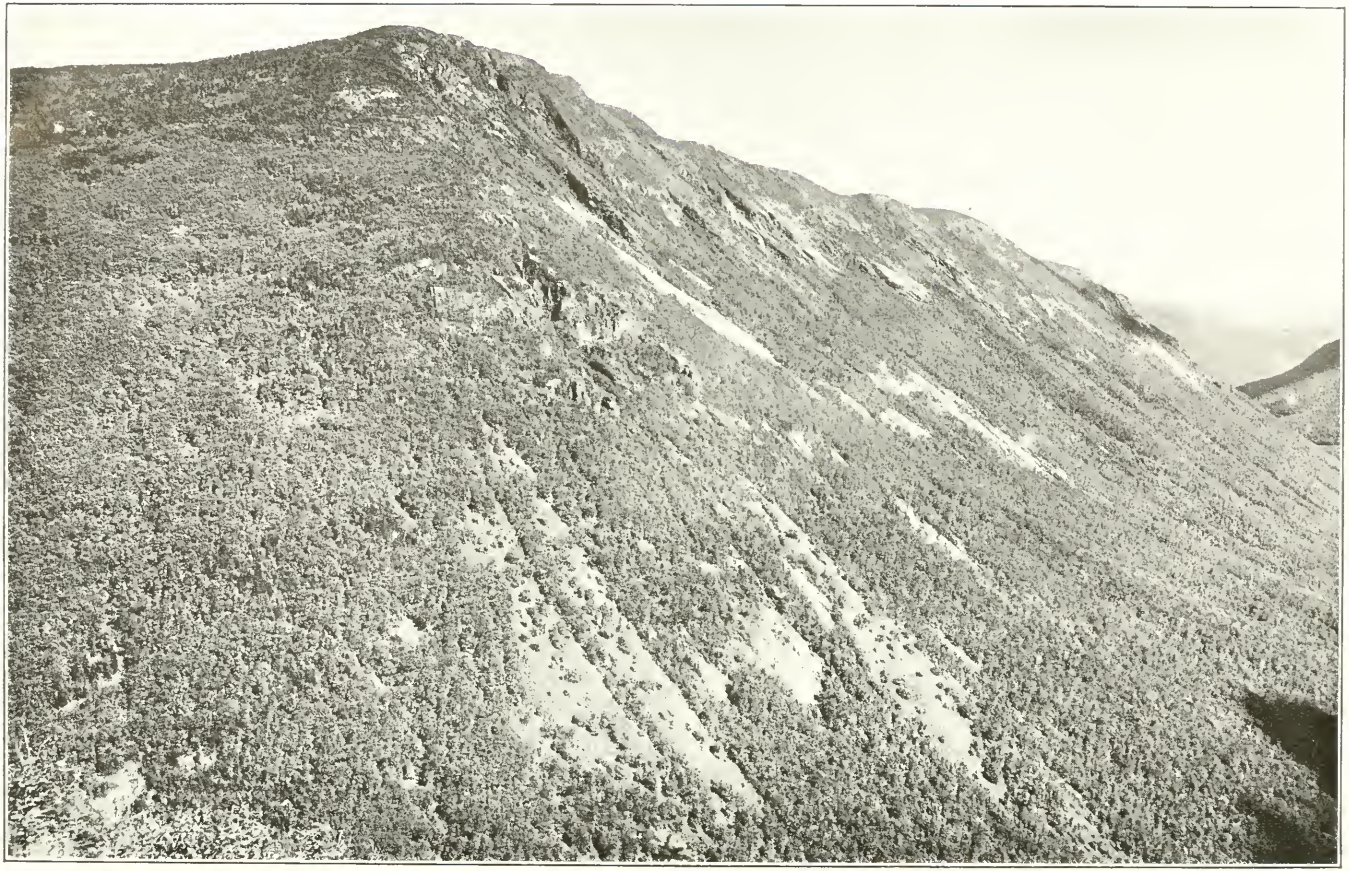
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL FOREST

HERBERT A. SMITH.
FOREST SERVICE EDITOR.

The Federal Government is building up a National Forest in the White Mountain region of New Hampshire by the purchase of the necessary lands from private owners. As the lands are bought they are put under administration. The first land was bought in 1913. By the close of 1916 title had been acquired to 205,289 acres, and arrangements had been completed for the purchase of 76,970 acres more. The total acquired or covered by approved contracts of sale at the opening of the summer of 1917 is 375,000 acres.

This is equal to about half of what may be called the main mass of the White Mountains — the region stretching from the southern base of the Sandwich range on the south to the Ammonusuc and Moose River Valleys on the north, and including the Presidential, Carter, and Franconia Ranges. Ultimately the Forest will probably reach a size of something like a million acres. This is about the average size of the National Forests which the Government has established in the mountain regions of the West, out of the public lands. It will carry the Forest northward over the mountains beyond the Ammonusuc and Moose Rivers as far as and including the Pliny Range. Some of the land already bought lies in this northern extension of the White Mountain region.

The Government is buying up these forested mountains in order that all the interests of the public in their right use and protection may be fully safeguarded through orderly, intelligent development of their value. The Nation is taking over in the White Mountains a productive resource, in order that it may continue to be productive, and productive of all the public benefits which can be realized with skillful management. These benefits are chiefly the regulation of water supplies, the sustained yield of wood, and the enjoyment by the people of the rare recreative and scenic value of the



MOUNT WEBSTER — FROM MOUNT WILLARD

region. To adjust and harmonize these diversified forms of use so that all may go on at once without needless sacrifice of one to another, and with preference for that of highest public value where interests conflict, is the task which the Government has undertaken.

Unrestricted private ownership of mountainous forest land risks the sacrifice of important public interests to individual interests, waste and impairment of the resources, and, in the end, widespread devastation. In the White Mountains recognition of the public loss began nearly forty years ago. The cutting of the virgin forests by lumbermen and the ravages wrought by fire aroused inquiry for some method of protecting the interests of the public. But it was not until 1911 that legislation authorizing protective measures was secured. In that year Congress provided for the acquisition by the Government of lands whose control would "promote or protect the navigation of streams on whose watersheds they lie" — the so-called Weeks Law. In accordance with this law, the Nation is now purchasing the White Mountain land, but much of it without the original stand of timber, and some of it so desolated by fire that the restoration of timber growth can take place only after the lapse of many years.

Nevertheless, action came not too late to save the glory of New England's finest mountains, for the present generation and for all time. Scarred though their sides and summits are by occasional disfiguring breaks in the forest mantle of living green, dark-hued where the spruce and fir wrap the upper slopes, emerald and vivid below the evergreen belt where the hardwoods crowd into the conifers, they are still to the eye much what they were a hundred years ago.

Even then visitors had begun to pilgrimage into the almost unbroken wilderness that stretched from the uplands of the Connecticut Valley to the Maine border and from Winnipesaukee to Canada, to look upon the rugged "White Hills" in their lonely grandeur. These first pilgrims, forerunners of the tens of thousands who each summer now make the easy journey from point to point in luxury, found rude accommodation in the occasional cabins of pioneer settlers.

STARR KING MOUNTAIN

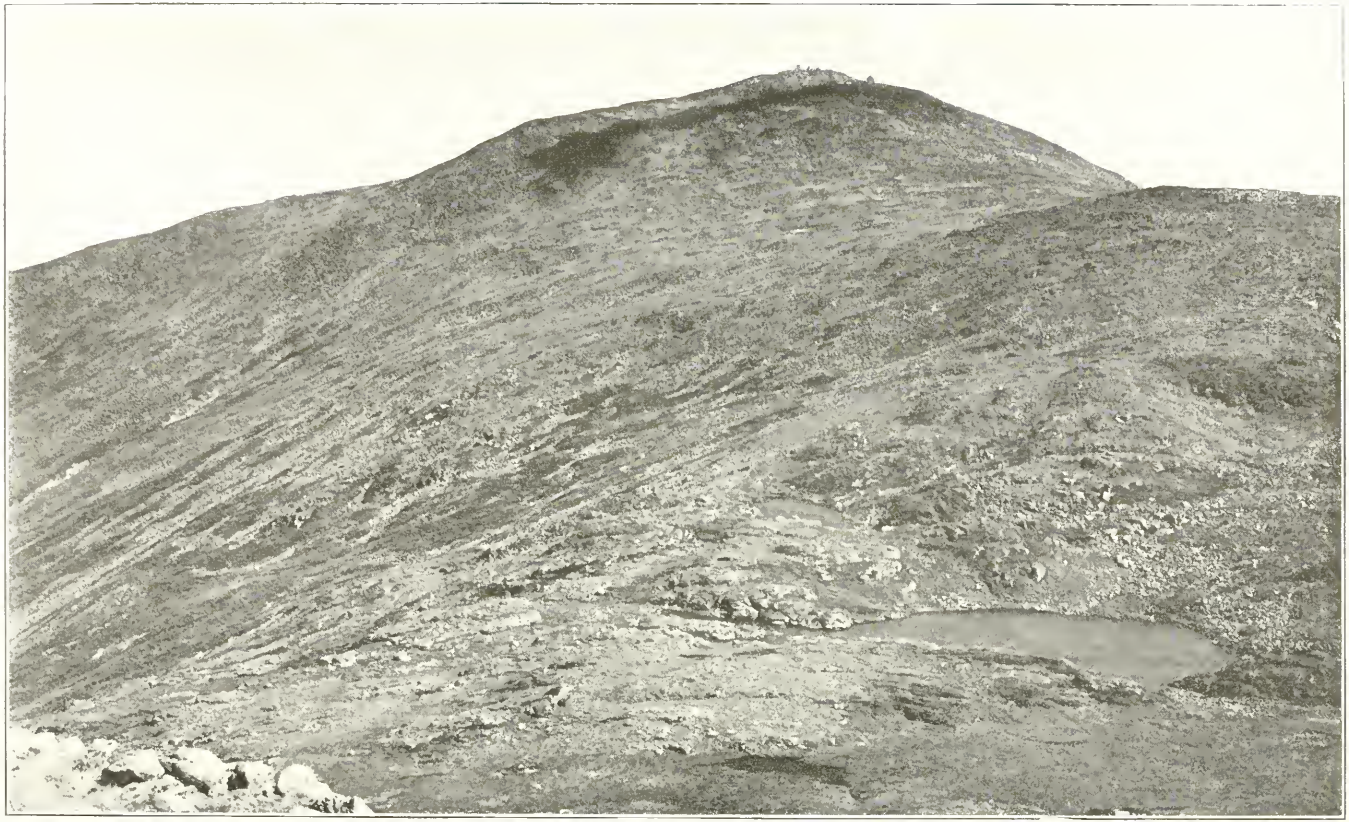
In 1797, and again in 1803, President Timothy Dwight of Yale College rode on horseback up the Connecticut Valley and through the Crawford Notch. An account of what he saw is given in his "Travels in New York and New England," published in 1823. Settlement of the country back from the valley towns was at an early stage; the roads were of the worst, the houses few and scattered. Yet the ravages of fire had begun.

"When we entered upon this farm in 1803," he wrote, "a fire which not long before had been kindled in its skirts had spread over an extensive portion of the mountain on the northeast; and consumed all the vegetation, and most of the soil, which was chiefly vegetable mould, in its progress. The whole tract, from the base to the summit, was alternately white and dappled; while the melancholy remains of half-burnt trees, which hung here and there on the sides of the immense steeps, finished the picture of barrenness and death."

Thomas Starr King refers in his admirable work,"The White Hills; Their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry," to the devastation of Mount Crawford by a great fire which, according to "old Mr. Crawford," occurred about 1815. "The time may well arrive," he writes, "when careful records of these irreparable mischiefs, which destroy in their progress the very vitality of our mountains, and leave nothing but crumbling rocks, the shelter of a strange and spurious vegetation, — nothing but the ruins of nature — shall possess a mournful value." But it was not until a much later day, when the lumbermen began to operate extensively in the pure spruce forests of the upper slopes, that the fire menace reached a point at which public sentiment became sufficiently aroused to demand with insistence some efficient remedy.

It was the arrival of the era of the railroad which really opened the White Mountains to the public. Through the first half of the nineteenth century their spreading fame drew a slowly increasing number of travelers into the region, in spite of the obstacles presented by indifferent accommodations and lack of transportation facilities.

In 1819 Abel Crawford opened a footway to Mount Wash-



MOUNT WASHINGTON AND THE LAKES OF THE CLOUDS

ington, and in 1822 Ethan Allen Crawford opened a road along the Ammonusuc; these attracted attention and visitors. But in 1837, King tells us, the White Mountains were still a secluded district where the inns offered "only the homely cheer of country fare, and the paths to Mount Washington were rarely trodden by any one who did not prize the very way, rough as it might be, too much to search for easier ones."

In 1840 the first horse was ridden to the summit. The decade which followed was that in which railroads began to play a part in the economic development of the State. From the middle of the century on, the popularity of the White Mountains grew fast.

In 1846 there was published in Boston "The White Mountain and Lake Winnepissiogee Guide Book"; and from 1849 to 1859 there was an average of a new guide book a year for White Mountain travelers. One published in Concord, N. H., in 1850 makes mention of the Mount Washington House, kept by Horace Fabyan, as containing about 100 rooms, "new, light, and airy, the majority erected during the last two years." At Littleton, the White Mountain House, "one of the most pleasant and convenient stopping places to be found anywhere on the route," is "fitted up in the most modern style regardless of expense, and everything desirable or usual in hotels is there found." Between such points of resort stages ran regularly for the tourists. Even though the encomiums of the guide books are liberally discounted, they show how the summer visitors were coming in.

In the period of prosperity and expansion which came in the seventies the number of persons in the East seeking summer recreation increased apace. The vacation habit was forming. By 1880 the commercial value to the State of the yearly influx of visitors and tourists had become fully recognized as of very great importance. At the same time, the development of private lumbering operations and the ravages of forest fires after lumbering were producing results that called forth vigorous protests against the despoliation of the forests and the marring of scenic beauty.

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM PINKHAM NOTCH — SHOWING TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE

In 1881 conditions had reached a point which brought about action by the State. A commission was created by the legislature to inquire into the extent to which the forests were being destroyed, and into the wisdom or necessity for the adoption of forest laws.

The report of this commission pointed out that at least half the State was most valuable for permanent timber production, that the great waterpowers within and without the State demanded forest preservation, and that the scenic and recreation value of the region was much too important as a State asset to be recklessly sacrificed. Thus the reasons for preventing the evils inevitable under private ownership and unrestricted exploitation of the forests were even at that time recognized. That nevertheless it took a full generation to secure a remedy was not for lack of knowledge of the need to do something, but because a course of action which would put a stop to the admitted evils and which public sentiment would support had not been found.

In the meantime, destruction of the forest was advancing at a rapidly accelerating pace. In 1850 the reported value of New Hampshire's lumber cut was a little over one million dollars; in 1870, over four and a quarter million; in 1890, over five and a half million; and in 1900, nearly nine and a quarter million. And this progressive drain upon the forest resources of the State was accompanied by a change in the methods used, which made the lumbering more and more destructive.

First the white pine was cut out. Then the spruce of the lower slopes bore the brunt of the attack. As the demand for lumber increased it paid to cut smaller and smaller trees, with the result that lumbering grew steadily more intensive. In the earlier stages, the cutting was to a large extent a preliminary to agricultural development. Since the forest in the lower and less rugged portions of the region was typically mixed hardwoods and conifers, or "softwoods," and since it was chiefly the latter which the lumbermen sought, the lumbering in this form of growth did not as a rule strip the land. But as the century advanced towards its close, the loggers

MIXED WOODS BELOW THE PROFILE

began to reach the pure spruce timber which protected the upper slopes.

A rapidly developing pulp industry for the manufacture of newsprint paper opened a market for material too small for the lumber manufacturer. Moreover, when the scene of operations was the thin-soiled upper slopes covered with conifers it did not pay to leave anything behind which had a sale value, for whatever remained was likely to be blown down by the wind. The debris in the wake of the logger became a fire-trap of the most formidable character. Protection against fire was not worth its cost to the private owner, whose interest was limited to getting all that he could from the existing stand. Left to itself, therefore, natural economic development could have but one result — the sweeping out of existence of the timber resource and the final desolation of the entire region above the hardwoods.

It was the growing perception of this fact that brought the awakening of the public to a sense of what it had at stake. But how to apply a remedy was a difficult question. The State commission appointed in 1881 made its report in 1885, but proposed no constructive program beyond a plan for the inauguration of a system of fire protection of a primitive and inadequate character. A second commission, appointed in 1889, reported in 1891 that the cost of State forest ownership on an extensive scale was too great to make this course practicable. It did, however, recommend purchases by the State of "carefully selected sections of the mountain region, of small extent, to be held perpetually and so cared for and protected that their natural wild attractiveness shall be permanently maintained."

An outcome of the report of this commission was the creation, in 1893, of a permanent State Forest Commission. Partly through purchase and partly through gift, the State has come into possession of a number of small tracts containing in all about 9,000 acres. But by the beginning of the present century the logic of the situation was beginning to make clear that if the large problem was to be solved it must

A FOREST SCENE
ECHO LAKE FROM BALD MOUNTAIN

be solved quickly, and on broader lines than those along which State action could be looked for.

Organized effort for Federal ownership began in 1901. It was set on foot partly by residents of Massachusetts, who realized that the interests affected were not limited to New Hampshire. Two years later, the first bills providing for the purchase of lands in the White Mountains were introduced in Congress. But the plan at first found small favor. Forestry as a national undertaking was still in its early infancy, if indeed it could fairly be said to have been born. Some sixty-two million acres of "forest reserves" had been created in the West, but plans for putting their resources to good use had not been devised and only the most rudimentary administrative provision for their care had been made. In short, they were reserves in every sense of the word — Government property metaphorically placarded "Keep Out!" and locally unpopular as obstacles in the path of economic progress. The expenditure of Federal funds to buy eastern forest lands was regarded askance, as a proposal to embark on a new and dangerous policy involving both the use of public funds for local and uncertain benefits and the extension of government into a field of activity which it should not enter. Political orthodoxy was shocked at the thought of what might happen if national ownership and management of this form of property were to begin.

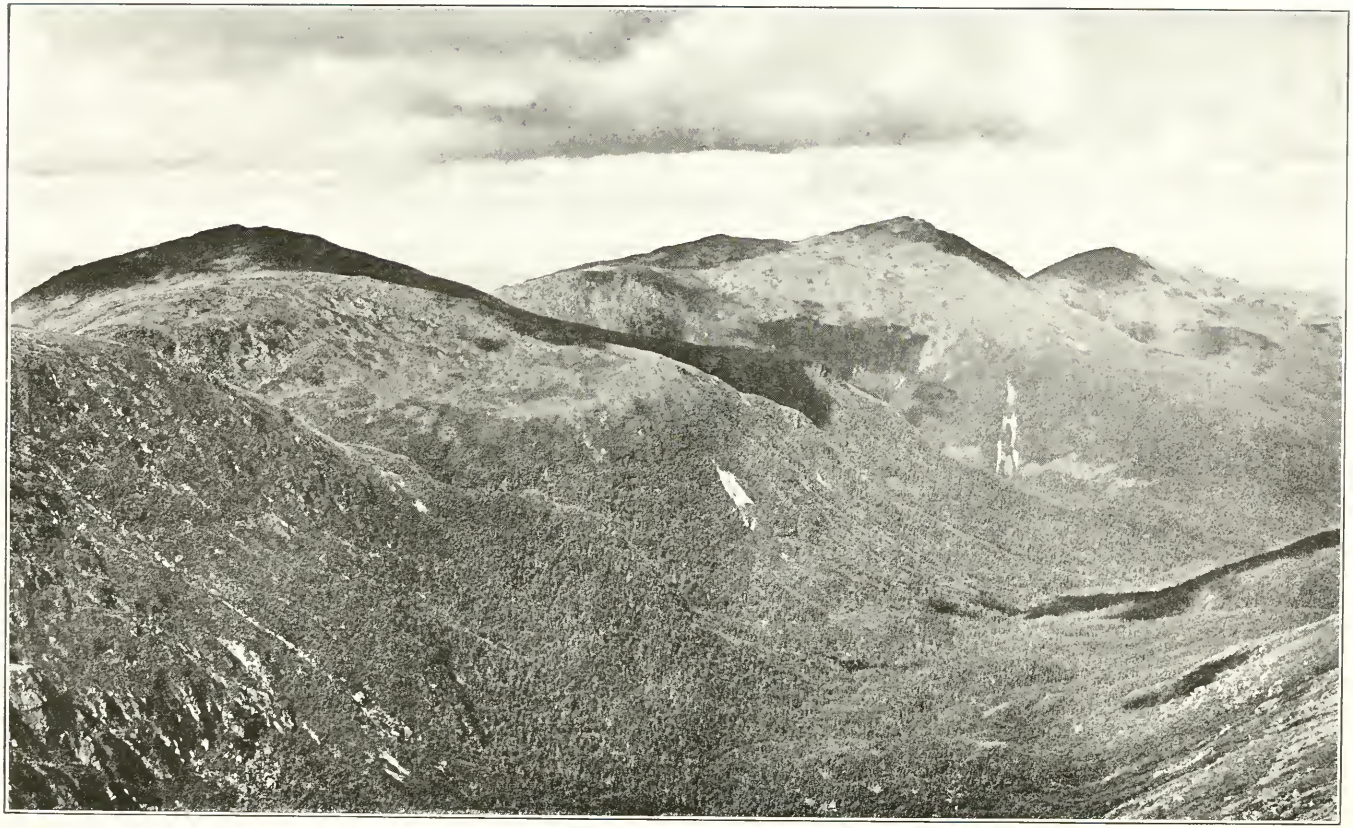
Year after year the legislation was brought forward only to be defeated. It was soon combined, however, with the proposal for similar legislation in the southern Appalachians which had arisen independently still earlier. As the movement for Federal action gained strength, opposition was based largely on the ground that the bills were unconstitutional. But in the end the rising tide of public sentiment carried the law through — the so-called Weeks Law. By limiting the purchases to lands necessary to the regulation of the flow of navigable streams and providing for a determination of the fact that national control of the lands to be purchased would promote or protect navigation, the question of constitutionality was successfully met.

LAKE GLORIETTE

It was the interstate importance of the White Mountain region which from the outset furnished the main reason for Federal ownership. While the interstate character of the benefits aimed at was conspicuously in evidence in the matter of stream protection, it was by no means confined to this form of public benefit.

As a recreational region, the White Mountains, it was pointed out, have a large value for all the Northeastern and many of the Central States, forming as they do a resort for great numbers of visitors from Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities and towns of the populous territory east of the Mississippi. Similarly, the forests of the White Mountains are industrially important as sources of timber supply for manufacturing establishments in the States surrounding New Hampshire, whose products go into all parts of the country. But of outstanding significance was the influence of the White Mountain region upon the industrial and economic life of the New England States through its peculiar relation to their rivers, which are both arteries of commerce and sources of energy through water-power development.

Back from the ocean, for myriads of years, the streams have been cutting, in their age-long task of remaking the face of the earth, towards this central elevation from which the waters drain east, west, north, and south. Upon the mountain flanks their tentacles rest like a network of shining threads, deepening their channels and bearing slowly seaward what short-visioned man sometimes calls the everlasting hills. The White Mountain uplift is a central citadel into which the drainage system of northern New England is pressing from all sides. Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut use the waters which New Hampshire feeds into the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimac, and the Connecticut. All four have their principal importance and use beyond the borders of New Hampshire. Protection of these streams against irregular flows and silting through erosion was manifestly a matter of interstate concern.

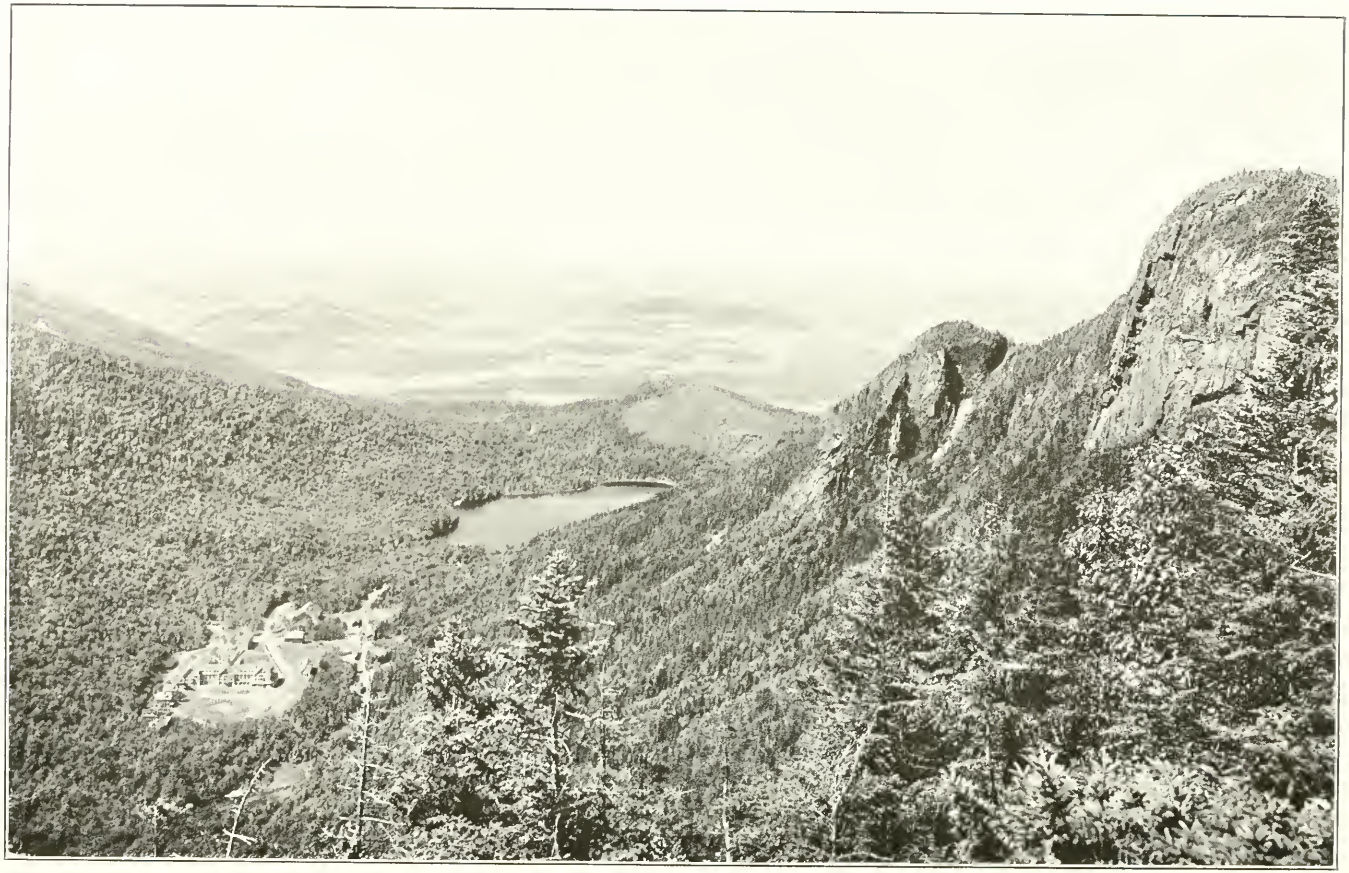


GREAT GULF AND NORTHERN PEAKS — FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON

These reasons for national action were reinforced by certain special considerations. New Hampshire, a State without great cities or extensive manufacturing districts, lacked the wealth which would have permittted it to assume without heavy sacrifice the burden involved in acquiring promptly and protecting adequately the White Mountain lands. Conditions had, however, reached a point which made it plain that if the forests were to be saved immediate action was necessary. The lumbering of the higher and steeper slopes was beginning, with spectacularly ruinous results. On these slopes, which were generally covered by pure stands of spruce, the almost inevitable fires after lumbering left little in their wake but bare rock; for the slash was both heavy and inflammable, and the soil itself so largely made up of vegetable matter that neither living trees nor seed on or in the ground nor anything in which trees could grow was likely to be left behind.

The beginning of the remedial action was delayed for a time after the enactment of the Weeks Law by the careful safeguards embodied in the Law itself, to prevent ill-considered purchases. Under these safeguards the Government has proved a good buyer, and it is believed that the lands could undoubtedly be sold again for more than they cost, were it desired to dispose of them. Thus the fears formerly expressed in some quarters that a purchase law would permit private owners to unload on the Government on terms more advantageous to themselves than to the public have proved unfounded. The first purchases in the White Mountains were made in 1913. As soon as the Government began to take title, plans for administration became necessary. Thus public ownership entered upon its final stage — that of organization and development on constructive lines.

The first requisite was fire protection. Organization of the territory into districts, each in charge of a forest officer, provides the necessary leadership. Fire fighting in the woods is a matter in which the men of the Forest Service have become proficient through long experience. It was a simple matter to adapt to local conditions the methods which had been



FRANCONIA NOTCH FROM MT. LAFAYETTE

worked out in the National Forests of the West. An elastic protective force is expanded to its maximum in the danger season, when a vigilant watch is kept by lookouts and patrolmen. The protective force of the State forester assists in the work. Trails and telephone lines have been built where existing means of communication were most inadequate to the need; in the White Mountains, however, there is less urgent necessity for the Government to equip the Forest with such improvements than there is in the National Forests of the West and South. Sales of timber are being made for the primary purpose of cleaning up the forest and securing a better growth of timber. Incidentally, the returns from such sales are already reimbursing a large part of the cost of administration and protection, and are likely soon to equal the entire operating cost.

All in all, though the work is so lately begun it is already effecting a very considerable change in the conditions. Not only has the progress of the forces of destruction been halted; there is in evidence a marked gain. The protection given for the past four years has prevented any considerable damage from fire, and some of the slopes which five years ago showed bald rock are now green with on-coming forest growth.

Perhaps even more important in the long run than these tangible and material benefits of public ownership has been the stimulus to a larger and clearer realization of the value of the region which Government leadership in its protection and development is bringing about. The mere fact that a permanent public enterprise has been entered upon through the creation of the White Mountain National Forest has increased the number of visitors, and has reacted upon local sentiment regarding the responsibility of private landowners to the public for a certain measure of co-operation as a part of good citizenship. Fire protection is now general and heartily aided by all classes of local residents. It is easier to secure lands needed by the Government on terms not dictated solely by a spirit of narrow self-interest. The organizations which are actively working for improved conditions and better facilities

for enjoyment of the recreational and esthetic values of the region, of which the chief are the Appalachian Club and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, have been greatly heartened and strengthened by the creation and administration of the National Forest. In short, community participation in the project is a growing reality, and promises much for the welfare of the region.

The influence of the enterprise is felt far afield. Late in 1916 the various trail-building organizations of New England met in conference and decided to correlate their efforts with a view to developing a trail system under a general plan of wide scope. It is proposed to link up in this way the lake region of Maine, the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, and even the Adirondacks and the Palisade Park and New York City. Thus the pedestrian, whose simple pleasure in exploring the shady by-ways of rural New England has been largely taken away by the march of progress in the form of road improvement and whirring automobiles, may once again come into his own.

The fish and game resources of the White Mountains will under national management undoubtedly be markedly augmented. The streams are already stocked to some extent with trout, and deer and grouse are fairly abundant in certain localities. But the control of hunting and fishing is at present inadequate, governed as it is solely by the general game laws of the State. Development of the wild life of the Forest as an integral part of its value to the public calls for carefully planned and close co-operation between the State and the Federal Government, to the end that the woods and streams may again abound in their natural denizens.

The history of what has taken place in the forests of the White Mountains epitomizes in a broad way the history of the movement for forest preservation in the United States. Beginning with the first appearance of white men and the contact of civilization with the primeval wilderness, there was begun a struggle for subjugation of the forest in order to make room for settlement and community life.

At first the timber was an incumbrance, valueless because of its abundance, and blocking development. Fires were started to aid in clearing the land, and even when they swept far away and laid waste the mountain slopes, the destruction which was wrought was lightly regarded. With advance in economic development and the knitting together of the country through a network of railroads came a period in which exploitation of the virgin forest became vigorous, extensive, and of a progressively devastating character. Then a few far-sighted persons, at first regarded as impractical visionaries, began to urge the need for conservation of the forest resource for the sake of future timber supplies, for its influence upon water supplies, and for its value to the public in connection with recreation and scenic protection.

Gradually public sentiment groped to a realization of the fact that private ownership of mountainous forest lands is incompatible with the best public interest. With hesitancy and in the face of many misgivings as to the possibility of efficient management of public property through public officials, requiring, if it is to be successful, a high degree of intelligence, probity, and stability of policy, public ownership was undertaken. What the full measure of its results will be it is as yet too soon to say. That depends on the ability of the American people to maintain permanently, as a Government activity, administration of a public resource, of increasing money value, without allowing it to be infected by politics or placed in the hands of men lacking in competence and foresight. Nevertheless, it is scarcely possible that national ownership and management of forests like those in the White Mountains can ever fail to do better for the protection of the public welfare than private ownership and management, without public regulation. The strength of the situation lies in the fact that there now exists, and is certain to continue, an alert and powerful public sentiment which will not tolerate the handling of the resource in ways that are seen to threaten the impairment of its value and its beauty.

THE HEART OF CRAWFORD NOTCH

NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS,

Visited in 1797.

Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 3, we pursued our journey. For some time before we set out, the wind blew with great strength from the northwest, in this region the ordinary harbinger of rain. The clouds, rapidly descending, embosomed the mountains almost to their base. The sky suddenly became dark; the clouds were tossed in wild and fantastical forms, and poured down the deep channels between the mountains with a torrent-like violence; and the whole heavens were overspread with a more gloomy and forbidding aspect than I had ever before seen. The scenery in the Notch of the White Mountains, commencing at the distance of five miles from Rosebrook's, was one of the principal objects which had allured us into this region. A gentleman from Lancaster, perfectly acquainted with this part of the country, had joined us at Rosebrook's, and proposed to be our companion and guide through this day's journey, and to give us all the necessary information concerning the objects of which we were in quest. If we stayed in Rosebrook's, we should lose his company and information. If we proceeded on our journey, as the weather was, we should lose our prospects; many of the objects being at such a season invisible, and others seen with the greatest disadvantage. Happily for us, our storm vanished as suddenly as it came on; the wind ceased almost in a moment; the clouds began to rise and separate; and we commenced our journey in the best spirits.

From Rosebrook's our road lay for about two miles along the Ammonoosuc, on an interval. We then began to ascend an easy slope, which is the base of these mountains. After proceeding along the slope two miles farther, we crossed a small brook, one of the head waters of the Ammonoosuc; and within

DIXVILLE NOTCH.

the distance of a furlong we crossed another, which is the head water of the Saco. The latter stream, turning to the east, speedily enters a pond, about thirty rods in diameter, lying at a small distance on the northern side of the road; and thence, crossing the road again and winding along the margin of a meadow formed by a beaver dam, enters the Notch. The northeastern cluster of mountains begins to ascend from the pond. The diameter of the meadow is about a furlong. The beaver dam was erected just below the Notch, in a place happily selected for this purpose. The mountains were scarcely visible at all until we came upon them.

The weather had now become perfectly fine. The clouds, assuming a fleecy aspect, rose to a great height, and floated in a thin dispersion. The wind was a mere zephyr; and the sky exhibited the clear and beautiful blue of autumn.

The Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. This convulsion was, in my own view, unquestionably that of the Deluge. There are here, and throughout New England, no eminent proofs of volcanic violence; nor any strong exhibitions of the power of earthquakes. Nor has history recorded any earthquake or volcano in other countries of sufficient efficacy to produce the phenomena of this place. The objects rent asunder are too great, the ruin is too vast and too complete, to have been accomplished by these agents. The change appears to have been effectuated when the surface of the earth extensively subsided; when countries and continents assumed a new face and a general commotion of the elements produced the disruption of some mountains, and merged others beneath the common level of desolation. Nothing less than this will account for the sundering of a long range of great rocks, or rather of vast mountains; or for the existing evidences of the immense force by which the rupture was effected.

The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks, standing perpendicularly at the distance of twenty-two feet from

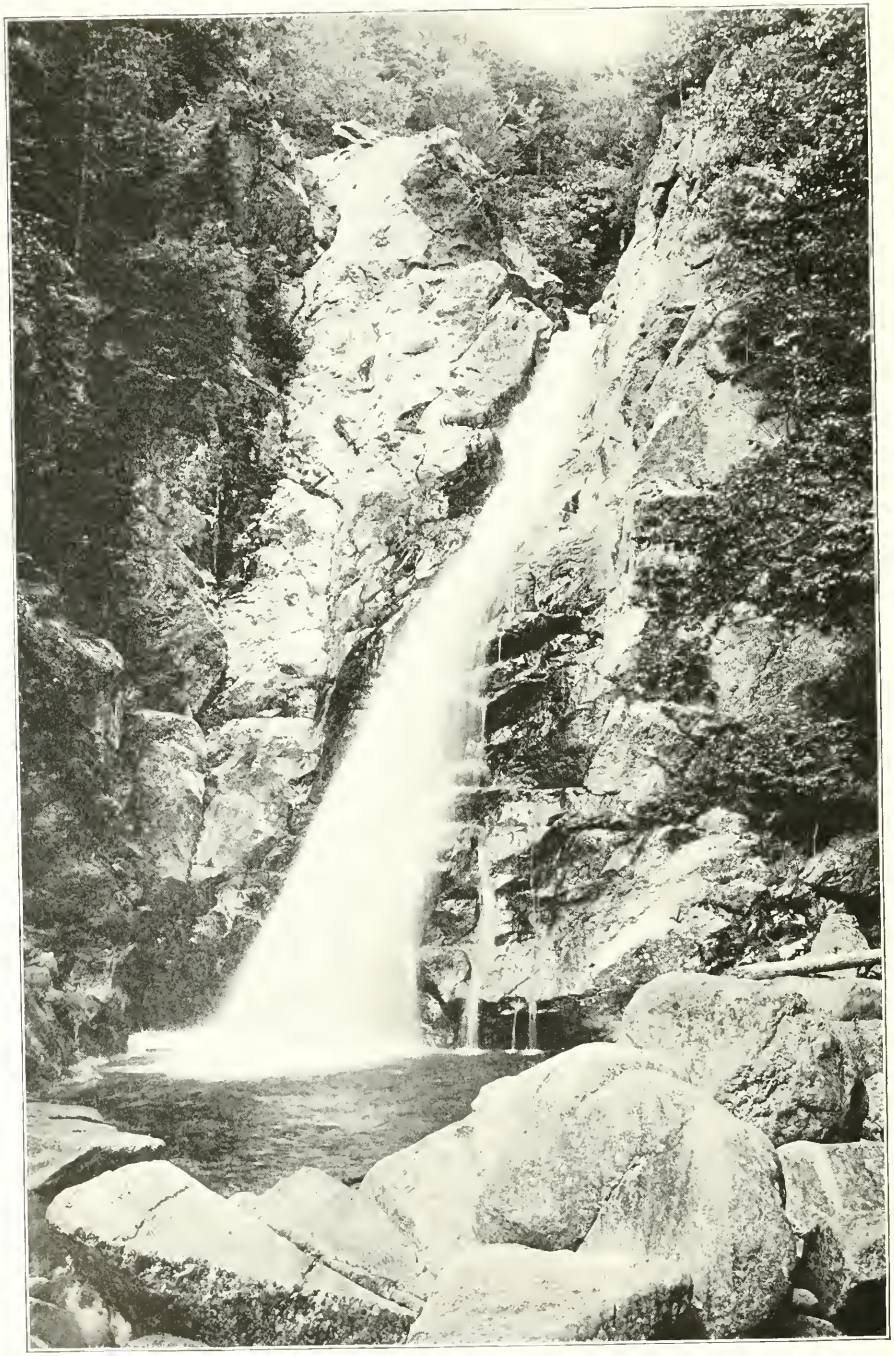
LOST RIVER

each other: one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head stream of the Saco; the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments, partly blown out of the road and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch, we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled on each other by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the "Saxum vetustum" of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view closed almost instantaneously and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm we saw in full view the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance of about two miles from us. The stream ran over a series of rocks, almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of an uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendour from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep, like a stream of burnished silver.

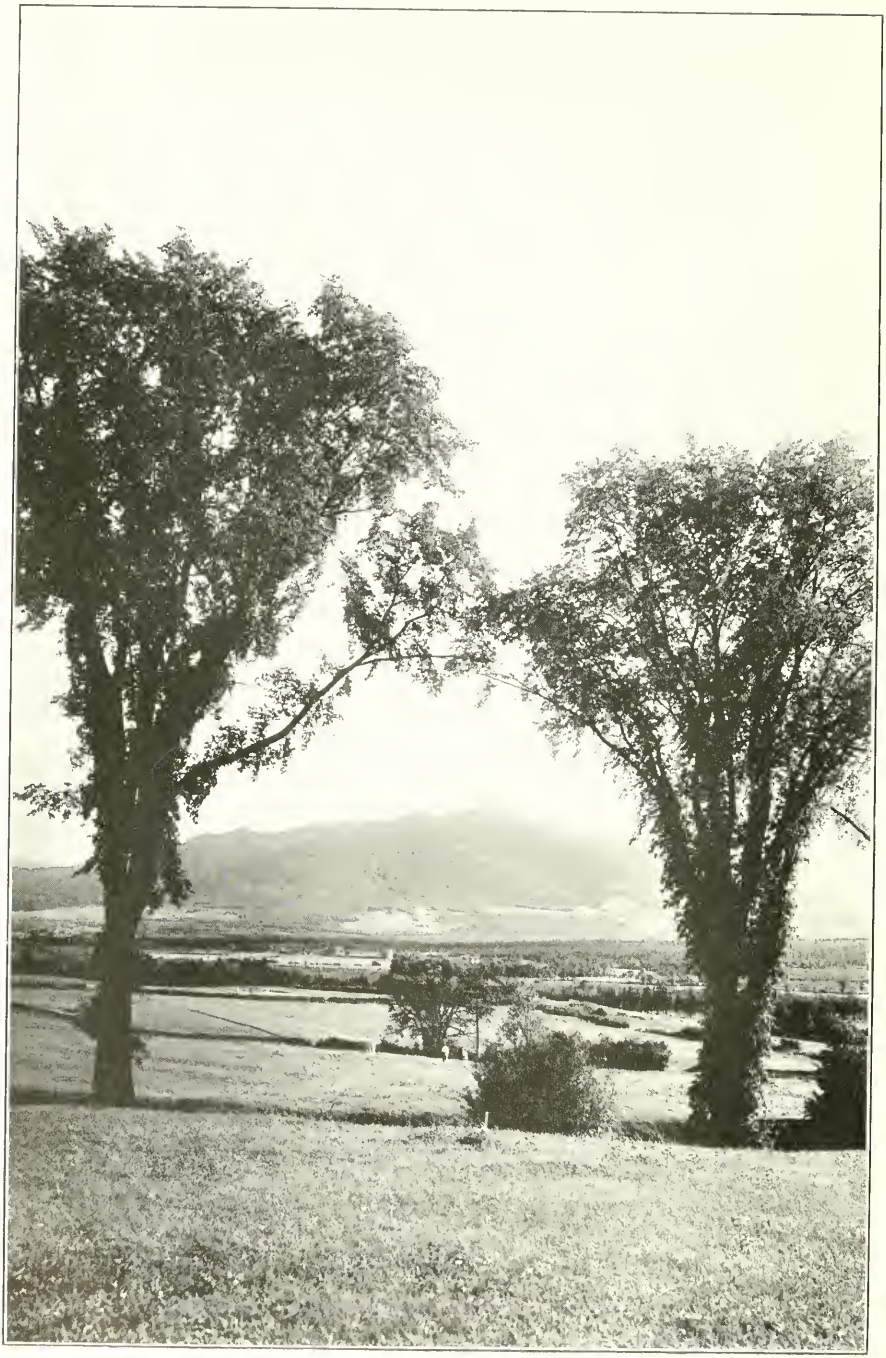
At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the entrance, we passed a brook, known in this region by the name of the Flume from the strong resemblance to that object exhibited by the channel which it has worn for a considerable length in a bed of rocks, the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we determined to examine further, and, alighting from our horses, walked up the



GLEN ELLIS CASCADE

acclivity, perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of 240 or 250 feet over three precipices: the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second, it fell in a single current; and down the third in three, which united their streams at the bottom in a fine basin, formed by the hand of nature in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms; or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Everything assumed the character of enchantment; and had I been educated in the Grecian mythology, I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads, and Oreads sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible, not only by its limpid appearance, and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite; and the rocks and the stones in its bed, and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean; and by their neat appearance added not a little to the beauty of the scenery.

From this spot the mountains speedily began to open with increased majesty; and in several instances rose to a perpendicular height, a little less than a mile. The bosom of both ranges was overspread, in all the inferior regions, by a mixture of evergreens with trees whose leaves are deciduous. The annual foliage had been already changed by the frost. Of the effects of this change it is, perhaps, impossible for an inhabitant of Great Britain, as I have been assured by several foreigners, to form an adequate conception, without visiting



CHERRY MOUNTAIN

an American forest. When I was a youth, I remarked that Thomson had entirely omitted, in his Seasons, this fine part of autumnal imagery. Upon inquiring of an English gentleman the probable cause of the omission, he informed me, that no such scenery existed in Great Britain. In this country it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees, which are not evergreens, are by the first severe frost changed from their verdure towards the perfection of that colour which they are capable of ultimately assuming, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colours, also, in all their varieties are generally full; and in many instances are among the most exquisite which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of this beauty. Among them the maple is pre-eminently distinguishd by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues; varying through all the dyes, between a rich green and the most perfect crimson, or, more definitely, the red of the prismatic image.

I have remarked that the annual foliage on these mountains had been already changed by the frost. Of course, the darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech, and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light was to render the preponderating deep green more solemn. The dark was the gloom of evening, approximating to night. Over the whole, the azure of the sky cast a deep, misty blue, blending toward the summits every other hue, and predominating over all.

As the eye ascended these steeps, the light decayed, and gradually ceased. On the inferior summits rose crowns of conical firs and spruces. On the superior eminences, the trees, growing less and less, yielded to the chilling atmosphere, and marked the limit of forest vegetation. Above, the sur-

face was covered with a mass of shrubs, terminating at a still higher elevation in a shroud of dark-coloured moss.

As we passed onward through this singular valley, occasional torrents, formed by the rains and dissolving snows at the close of winter, had left behind them, in many places, perpetual monuments of their progress, in perpendicular, narrow, and irregular paths, of immense length, where they had washed the precipices naked and white from the summit of the mountain to the base.

Wide and deep chasms, also, at times met the eye, both on the summits and the sides, and strongly impressed the imagination with the thought, that a hand, of immeasurable power, had rent asunder the solid rocks, and tumbled them into the subjacent valley. Over all, hoary cliffs, rising with proud supremacy, frowned awfully on the world below, and finished the landscape.

By our side the Saco was alternately visible and lost, and increased, almost at every step, by the junction of tributary streams. Its course was a perpetual cascade, and with its sprightly murmurs furnished the only contrast to the majestic scenery around us.

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